BATTLEWORLD

SIEGE

#3

GILLEN
ANDRADE
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TROY

MARVEL

SECRET WARS

THE SHIELD.

MY FRIENDS!

THIS IS A *DARK* DAY FOR THOSE WHO GUARD THE SHIELD!

"THE ULTRON PERFECTION HAVE NUMBERS BEYOND NUMBERS AND STRENGTH BEYOND MEASURE.

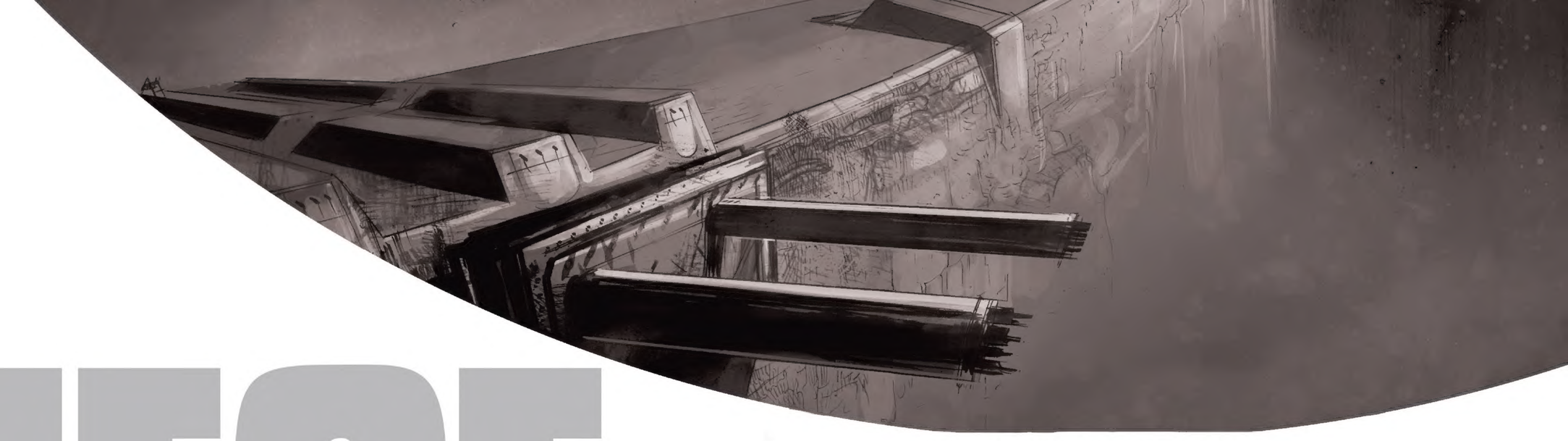
"AND THEIR LEADER... OH, FALLEN FURY!

"HE IS AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE LEADING AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!

"WE HAVE BUT AN EXCESS OF BRAVERY AND A SOMEWHAT-PRODIGIOUS WALL."

THE ONLY GOOD THING IS THAT *THEY* ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED FORTIFICATION. THIS IS A SITUATION WE ARE STRIVING TO ENSURE CONTINUES.

WHAT IS THIS? *AH*, I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE WORD. MY FRIENDS! WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A...



SIEGE

IT'S CALLED "SIEGE" BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT A SIEGE.

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THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

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NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

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THE MORE CIVILIZED DOMAINS TO THE NORTH ARE PROTECTED FROM THE VIOLENT, UNGOVERNABLE TERRITORIES TO THE SOUTH BY A PLANET-SPANNING WALL KNOWN AS **THE SHIELD**.

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DOOM'S DIVINE LAW DICTATES THAT REBELS LIKE **AMERICA CHAVEZ** AND **LADY KATE BISHOP** ARE CONSCRIPTED INTO SHIELD COMMANDER **ABIGAIL BRAND**'S ARMY. THE SOUTHERN LANDS' LAWLESSNESS DICTATES THAT THOSE WHO VENTURE THERE ARE LOST, OR DOOMED TO COME BACK WRONG.

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BRAND'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND, **LEAH OF HEL**, DISAPPEARED IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER **MAGIK**. BRAND'S MENTOR, **NICK FURY**, RETURNED AS A MONSTER LEADING THE FORCES OF **ULTRON**'S PERFECTION.

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THE PROGNOSIS IS BAD. THE PROGNOSIS IS ALWAYS BAD. WELCOME TO THE SHIELD.

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Abigail Brand's War Journal.

Ultron symbiotes were a murderous storm filling the sky. Synthezoid silicon fascist attack waves danced with Leonardo's sky armadas...

Between blasts, I sent messages to every single lord of Battleworld who hadn't delivered any support: "Time is running out! Do not save things for a rainy day! Today is the rainy day!"

But the Ultrons weren't the real problem. Them we had planned for.

They were merely the delivery device. In the middle of the horde lurched the monster that was once our commander. We tried to get a reading of its power levels, but sensors fried. He was trouble with a capital "We're All Dead."

We made guesses of what Nick the Fury could do and fought on, waiting for the empirical proof emerging from his fist-cannon.

When it did, Grimm's moan shook the entire shield. His murmur to me was a rumble beneath my feet "Another couple of hits and it's rubblin' time."

The Summers boys volunteered. They knew what they had to do.

Take Nick the Fury down.

it could have gone better.

I'M DOWN TO THE LAST CENTURY, ABIGAIL. ONLY 100 OF US SUMMERS LEFT.

DAMMIT.

KANG? ANYTHING WITH THE TIMELINE?

NO. THE STREAMS ARE COMPROMISED. CHRONOMINES *EVERYWHERE*. IMPOSSIBLE TO NAVIGATE.

I *CAN'T*. I *CAN'T*.

WELL, KANG, YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SILVER LINING IN THIS FLUSTER OF CLUCKS.

YOU ADMITTING A "*CAN'T*."

TIME TO MIX IT UP. DEPLOY OTHER FORCES TO RELIEVE THE ENDLESS SUMMERS.

WE'RE JUST THROWING AWAY GOOD MEN WITH YOU AGAINST NICK, SUMMERS. PULL YOUR SURVIVORS BACK AND ENGAGE WITH THE REST.

GOOD MEN. I...THANK YOU.

I MEAN, YES, MA'AM.

GRIMM?

YEAH?

"GET US TO THE ROBOTS."

UNITE: YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE GOING TO COME STOMPING OVER AND KILL EVERYONE BEFORE GOING ON TO KILL AS MANY PEOPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE UNTIL THE GREAT DAMN DOOM ABOVE DECIDES WE'VE HAD ENOUGH AND STOPS THEM.

I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU DIE WITH US.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, *I* WILL.

I'LL OPEN A GAP IN TIME AND FEED YOU TO THESE BLASTED CHRONOMINES.

MS. BRAND. MR KANG. IN A VERY LITERAL SENSE, FOR THE LAST TIME, WE HAVE NO ULTERIOR MOTIVE HERE.

PLEASE. WE SUFFERED...A MALFUNCTION.

YOU WOULD CALL IT "AFFECTION."

PERFECTION'S COLDNESS WOULD HAVE CRUSHED US. WE RAN.

ALL WE WANTED WAS A ROOM AND EACH OTHER.

THIS WASN'T A PRISON, MS. BRAND.

FOR US, THIS WAS HEAVEN.

RUNAWAY ROBOTS IN LOVE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US?

EMBARRASSMENT, MAINLY.

LOVE IS A TERRIBLE LOOK. EVIL IS ALWAYS IN FASHION.

I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU.

NOW WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

WE HAVE AN... ABILITY. TO CONTROL ROBOTS. VERBAL TECHNOHACKING.

WE WERE HAPPY FOR A WHILE. OUR LIFE IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

I AM THE FURY.

I KILL SUPER HEROES.

OH, THIS IS A PREDICAMENT MOST FOUL, KATHERINE.

MOST FOUL INDEED.

I AM THE FURY.

HELLO, NICHOLAS. LONG TIME.

WOULD YOU KINDLY PUT THAT LUDICROUS FIREARM AGAINST YOUR HEAD AND FIRE, PLEASE?

I KILL--

BLAM

THANK YOU.

HOW DID YOU DECIDE WHICH OF YOU WENT OUT THERE?

WE PLAYED CHESS. SEVENTEEN GAMES BETWEEN HEARTBEATS. IT WON.

WE FOUGHT AS HARD AS WE COULD.

I AM... THE FURY.

I KILL SUPER HEROES.

GUN TO HEAD. FIRE AGAIN.

FIRE AGAIN!

BLAM

CAN YOU GO BACK IN TIME TO PLUCK IT FROM THE TIMESTREAM, KANG?

I'M SORRY. THE CHRONOMINES ARE TOO THICK.

I AM THE FURY.

I--

I AM MS. AMERICA!

I KICK YOUR ASS!

I HATE MYSELF FOR SAYING THIS, BUT: YOU HAVE TO GO OUT THERE.

OF COURSE I DO, ABIGAIL. IT'S DEAD. I AM QUITE IN THE MOOD FOR A SUICIDE MISSION.

BUT ONE ORDER BEFORE THE FURY OVERRULES IT. WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH ONE ORDER?

OKAY, UNIT.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

WHAM

^^ YOU!

LANGUAGE, CHAVEZ.

WHAT WOULD YOUR PARENTS SAY?

NOW, MR. FURY...

...CAN YOU TAKE MR. KANG'S HAND, PLEASE?

BAM

THE UNITE AND KANG PULLED IT OFF. EVERYONE-- REGROUP, CATCH YOUR BREATH.

WE NEED TO MAKE THEIR SACRIFICE COUNT!

WHAT HAPPENED?

KANG WAS MANY THINGS, BUT HE'S NOT A COWARD.

THE TIMELINES ARE PACKED WITH CHRONOMINES. IMPOSSIBLE TO NAVIGATE SAFELY.

"THAT'S ONLY A PROBLEM IF YOU *DON'T* WANT TO HIT EVERY SINGLE ONE."

BOOM

BOOM

NOW, THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR EVERYTHING TO GIVE US THIS CHANCE.

WE HAVE AN ARMY TO BEAT.

YOU NEED AN ARMY TO DO THAT...

...AND MOST OF US CAN BARELY STAND.

WE'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRY.

I GET IT. LET'S DO THIS--

PRAY TELL--WHAT *IS* THAT NOISE FROM YONDER HILL?

A GREAT CHEERING? NAY...

"...A MOANING."

I SAID NOT TO WORRY, ABIGAIL.

AND I SAID WE WOULD BE BACK.

DEATH TO THE DEATHLESS!

Abigail Brand's War Journal

Lesson for the day: never trust demonic queens.
Lesson for the day: cherish your demonic queens.

It was their plan. They would not serve in Doom's heaven. They realized, as sorcerers, they could leave and rule in the hell of the Deadlands.

Not the whole waste, but with preparation and planning, they could hold a subdomain and control all the zombies in there.

Doom rules on all Battleworld...except south of the shield. They wanted to rule. That's where they had to go.

They hadn't disappeared. They hadn't been killed. They had eloped.

"Better to rule in Hell," as Leah said.

Leah and Magik saved us all in a real way, they rule.

ILLYANA, GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK.

ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO REPAY OUR DEBTS.

YOU'RE GOING BACK OUT THERE?

CHANGE NEED NOT BE A BAD THING.

BUT IT *DOES* MEAN THINGS CAN NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

...AND YOUR KNEES BEND TO NO ONE.

I WILL NOT SERVE DOOM.

I AM LEAH OF HEL...

CERTAINLY NOT A DUTY *FORCED* ON ME BY AN EVIL GOD.

I COULD *SHOOT* THE PAIR OF YOU FOR GOING AWOL!

I COULD REPORT THAT YOU'RE ALIVE TO *DOOM!*

I COULD!

THANK YOU. EVERYONE. YOU ALL DID GOOD.

EVEN YOU, KANG.

KRRRZZ

HMM?

SOUNDOFREALITYBEINGTORNAPART!

I...SURVIVED. I PILOTED THE MONSTER FACE-FIRST INTO EVERY CHRONOMINE. I DID IT...

WHUMP

OF COURSE I DID IT!

KANG! CONQUERS!

KANG CONQUERED.

MOST IMPRESSIVE.

MY HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS.

THIS IS THE SHIELD.

I AM THANOS.

I'M HERE TO TALK.

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TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

1 DAY AND COUNTING.

THERE IS NO HOPE.

◆

ZONE